

this tax intercept program to minors and disabled adults.

The good news is that we can correct this injustice. Improving our child support enforcement programs is neither a Republican nor a Democrat issue—it is an issue that should concern all of us. According to recent government statistics, there are approximately 12 million active cases where a child support order requires a noncustodial parent to contribute towards the support of his/her child. Of the \$22 billion owed pursuant to these orders in 1999, only half have been paid. I am confident we can all agree to fix this injustice in our Federal tax refund offset program and help some of our most needy constituents receive the financial relief they are owed.

I would like to clarify for everyone's benefit that this legislation does not create a cause of action for a custodial parent to seek additional child support. The existing program merely helps custodial parents recover debt they are owed for a level of child support that are set by a court after both sides had the opportunity to present their arguments about the proper size of the child support.

In the 106th Congress, this legislation passed the House by a vote of 405 to 18 as a provision in H.R. 4678, the "Child Support Distribution Act of 2000." The Senate version of this bill also enjoyed strong bipartisan support, but the 106th Congress expired before the Senate could complete its consideration.

The Federal tax refund offset program is responsible for retrieving nearly one-tenth of all back child support collected. The time has come to make it a greater success. I urge my colleagues to cosponsor this legislation and look forward to working with the House Ways and Means Committee to work to bring this bill to the House Floor.

IN MEMORY OF SENATOR ALAN CRANSTON

HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 6, 2001

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in memory of a truly remarkable man, one who genuinely exemplified what it means to be a public servant, Senator Alan Cranston.

Cranston served four terms in the United States Senate, and as the Democratic Whip during seven consecutive Congressional sessions. But more than that he served the American people. He fought to protect the environment, to promote peace and human rights and to control nuclear arms, fighting tirelessly to prevent future usage of such weapons. Cranston did not compromise his personal views nor the best interests of his constituents during his service.

A masterful legislator, Senator Cranston often served as an integral figure in the passage of legislation. This deft political touch allowed him to build coalitions, using the power of an idea to transcend ideological barriers.

An advocate of peace, Senator Cranston was an influential figure in the termination of the Vietnam war and in leading U.S. arms control and peace movements. Despite his op-

position for war, he lead support for the soldiers who fought in the conflict, voting solidly for veterans' benefits legislation from 1969 and 1992.

As former aide Daniel Perry wrote in Roll Call January 4, 2001, Cranston embodied the maxim, "a leader can accomplish great things if he doesn't mind who gets the credit."

My fellow colleagues, Senator Alan Cranston is a man who deserves the respect and admiration of every citizen. Let us recognize him for his years of dedication to public service.

IN MEMORY OF U.S. SOLDIERS
KILLED IN SAUDI ARABIA

HON. JOHN P. MURTHA

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 6, 2000

Mr. MURTHA. Mr. Speaker, on Sunday, February 25, 2001, a decade after the Iraqi Scud missile attack on the U.S. barracks in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, a young woman who lost her husband and the father of her two children spoke eloquently about the impact of that awful event. While the magnitude of such a tragedy can never be fully overcome, her story is also one of renewal and healing and joy. It is a poignant and fitting tribute to the men and women who perished that day. I want to share her remarks with my Colleagues:

If ten years ago I could have looked ahead to today, and could have seen myself standing here telling all of you that I'm happy, healed, and whole again, it would have made my time of grief so much easier. Because then I would have known that my heart would someday heal and life would be worth living again. That's not how I felt then. My life was shattered into a million pieces and I couldn't see how they could ever be put back together again.

John and I worked at the Baptist Homes, a nursing facility in Castle Shannon. My mother introduced us and we became instant friends. John was so easy to like. He was friendly and outgoing . . . always with a twinkle in his eye. A couple months into our friendship, John asked me to be his date at a party he was throwing. Of course I said that I would go. He asked me to dance to a slow song that came on the stereo, and that dance was the beginning of a great love in my life.

John and I married the following summer. We had two beautiful children, Matthew and Melissa. John loved fatherhood and it suited him . . . really he was a kid in an adult body so it sort of came natural to him. We bought a house and spent Melissa's first Christmas in it . . . that's when Saddam Hussein intruded on our lives. Before I knew what was happening, John was on his way to the Persian Gulf and I knew my life would never be the same.

The day of February 25th started out with a letter from John. He said all the things that he said in every letter I ever got from him, how much he loved us, how much he missed us. Then he told me about the SCUD alerts. He talked about the gas masks and the chaos and I worried. That evening I was out with my sister and I returned home to find family members waiting for me. My brother was standing in my living room and

the television was on. On it I saw soldiers running and heard yelling and chaos and sirens blasting . . . but that didn't grab my attention as much as the look on my brother's face. He asked me where John was in Saudi. I told him I didn't know. He said that there was a SCUD attack in Dhahran and the missile hit a warehouse and they believed the 14th was being housed there. As I was taking in what he was telling me, the room started to spin and a feeling of dread came flooding over me. I asked, 'Were there casualties?' he said there were some. But the highest number were injuries. I knew that John was in that warehouse. My family tried to reassure me that chances were that he was injured, but in my spirit, I knew that he was gone. I had already felt the separation. I waited all night for the officer to come. And at 6 am my doorbell rang. I opened the door and there was Lt. Col. Richard White. He had so much pain in his eyes. I saw how difficult it was for him to tell me that my husband, Spc. John Boliver, had been killed in action due to injuries sustained in an Iraqi SCUD missile attack.

A few weeks after John's funeral my friend invited me for dinner. She wanted to spend a little time with me and to get me out. Her husband, who is also my friend, had done a large portion of John's funeral service, and he asked me so sincerely how I was doing. I told him that I was okay, but that the nights were so difficult for me to get through. When I would sleep, the nightmares were terrible, so I was trying not to sleep at all. He told me something then that helped to change my life. He said, "Paula, when you go through the worst times of grief, you need to find an anchor. Something stable for you to hold onto so that grief won't sweep you away. Something that can never change or be taken away from you."

I went home that night and looked for my anchor. The only thing I had that could never be taken away from me was that God loved me. He loved me so much and He wanted to comfort me and to heal my heart. He wanted to put the shattered pieces of my life back together. Jer. 29:11 was one of many promises: I know the plans I have for you, says the Lord. Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. That was what I needed, and that was what I began to build my life on.

It was the second spring after John's death. I went outside on my deck and the sun was shining and the trees were budding, and the smells of spring were so heavy in the air. All of a sudden I realized that I was enjoying the sun on my face and the smells of spring. It was as if everything I saw was in color, and I had been seeing life in black and white. The feeling of contentment only lasted a brief time but I realized that day I was getting better. That someday I could enjoy life again.

Then four years after I lost John, I found Phil, or maybe he found me. However it was, we just seemed to fit together. The kids fell in love with Phil right along with me, and he fell in love with us too, and he married us. He made our family complete again and I thank God every day for him. Then four years into our marriage, God gave us Alison, our nineteen month old daughter. Alison had a difficult beginning. She was born with Down syndrome, but more importantly, with two little holes in her heart that were life-threatening. She was life-flighted to Children's Hospital and I was afraid that I would never see her alive again. I wrestled with God for three nights over her diagnosis. I questioned His reasons for making her with